

Vol



E. Stahl

The Student's Pen

October, 1931

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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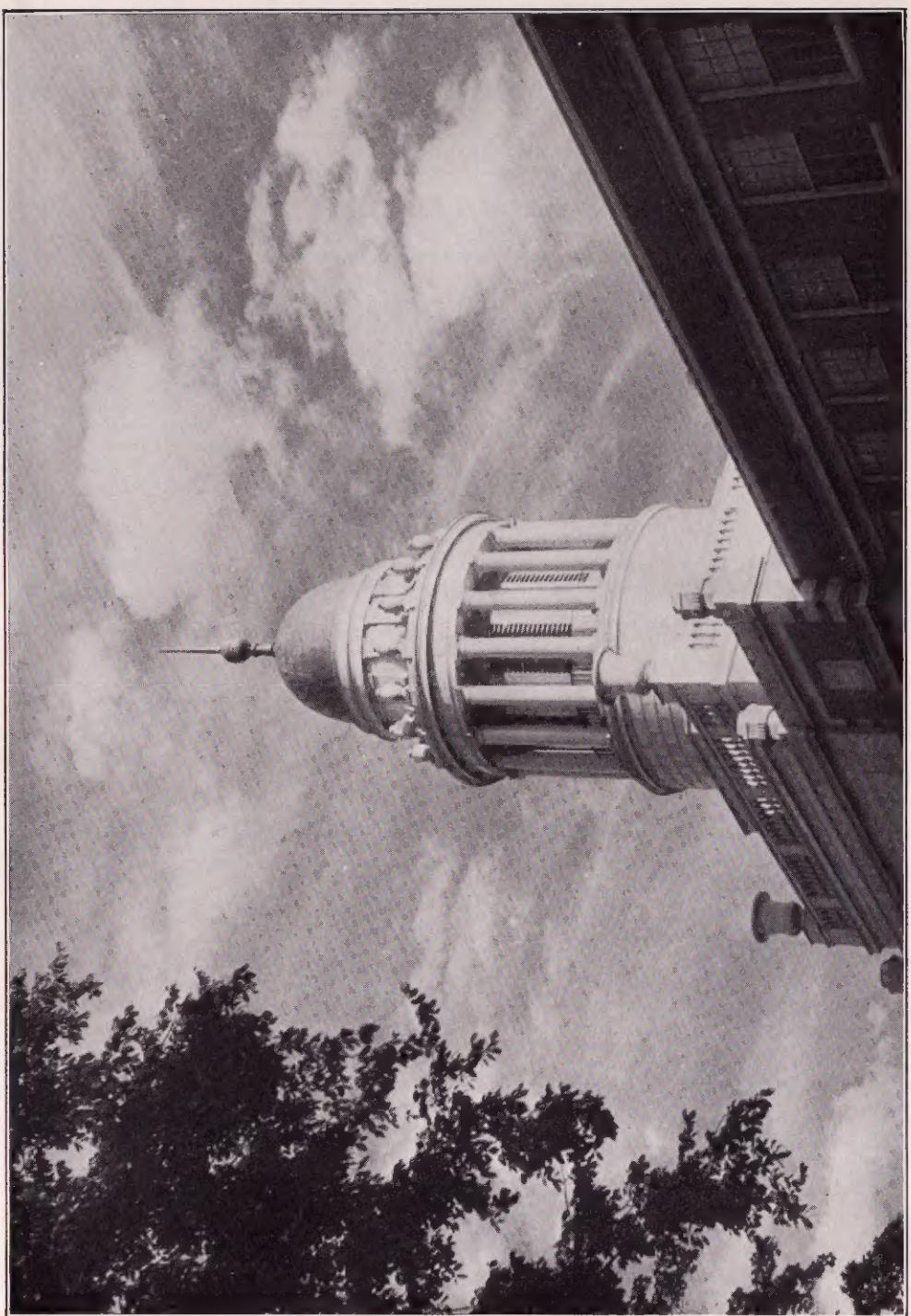
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Our New Home

HIgh school students throughout the country may have regarded the opening of school for the new term an ordinary procedure. But we of Pittsfield High School entered last month with mingled emotions. Everyone, from the headmaster to the Sophomore B, experienced that pleasantly strange feeling of enjoying a luxury. Why? It was that we were to study in this magnificent building,—a structure that was a thing of beauty. We were to attend classes in the school for which our older brothers and sisters had clamored; for which distinguished citizens had spent many of their valuable hours; for which our parents were obliged to pay startlingly high tax rates.

A great majority of local people expect us to do something in return. Our parents have made a great sacrifice. They know we are proud of our traditions. We must, therefore, live up to these traditions. The past of P. H. S. is a glorious history written by her graduates; the future of our school must be written by us. We should not fail to achieve what those alumni have accomplished.

School activities will soon be in full swing. The city is interested in them. It would like to see the teams perform with the fine spirit existing among its backers. From the available material in the school, the debating team will select two squads for the Berkshire Debating League. The band and orchestra will entertain the public with occasional concerts. Other organizations will function to create interest in modern languages and science. Each opens its doors to you, urging you to join whichever interests you. You are given an opportunity to utilize the facilities the new building affords.

P. H. S. is noted for the fine school spirit of its student body. As long as our school waves its banners on high in scholarship, sport, and in other activities, the people of Pittsfield will have no cause to regret the million dollar appropriation for a new edifice.

The Editor

Concerning The Athletic Council

ACCORDING to a recent report in the *Berkshire Eagle*, the school department may dissolve the Athletic Council, which has controlled sports in Pittsfield High School for nearly half a decade. The item stated that there was no longer need for this organization since it had accomplished its purpose in laying a firm financial foundation for athletic activities in the school. The duties hitherto undertaken by the group would be shifted to the Administration, which could manage all the affairs. As yet, the school committee has not acted upon Dr. Gannon's suggestion.

Now that we learn the Athletic Council may be dissolved, we should review its history. In 1928, a group of prominent, local business men and three student representatives assumed the responsibilities of selecting a coach, purchasing equipment, and controlling finances. As there was little or no money in the treasury, the Council sponsored a carnival on the Common. The students and citizens cooperated to such an extent that one thousand dollars was the share of profits realized by the school. Coach Charles Stewart, who was selected mentor of sports at P. H. S., was able to equip his football team properly, and the season was a success. An attempt was made to create an interest in track, but the efforts of the organization were futile. Last winter, however, saw the renewal of hockey as a Pittsfield High School sport, despite the enthusiasm for basketball. This alumni-student combine has resorted successfully to many means of filling the coffers of the Athletic fund.

At present the Council consists of the following alumni members: Mr. Fred T. Francis, Mr. E. J. Coster, Mr. Jay Rosenfeld, and Mr. William Cormick. The student representatives are William Greenwood of the senior class and Floyd Hinckley of the junior group, while the Sophomores were to select their member this semester. All are interested in the Purple and White athletics and have spent much time in administering their duties. Should the proposed action of the school department break up the organization, Pittsfield High sports will continue temporarily without financial troubles because of the work of these individuals.

Many students lament the fact that Mr. Francis and his associates may no longer serve the school, but we owe each and every one of them a debt of gratitude for their faithful and efficient work.

E. J. M.

Helping A Worthy Cause

NEW YORK, October 14—A trumpet call to college and school football to hit the line for the unemployed was sounded today by Owen D. Young."

From this news item, we learn that America, in the time of a crisis, turns to her youth for aid. The responses to Mr. Young's request were prompt, for within the past few weeks, many colleges and high schools have consented to play football for charity. Williams College, located a few miles north of Pittsfield, announced its intention to turn the proceeds of an important post season game over to charity. Pittsfield people will attend that game for two reasons: first, to see a hard-fought contest between two strong teams; and, second, to help those in need.

Pittsfield High School cannot afford to book a game for charity. All visiting elevens are guaranteed a certain amount and, since the Common has been the gridiron this season, many have attended without paying. The athletic fund is in dire need of replenishing, but the annual Pittsfield-St. Joseph's Thanksgiving Day classic attracts large crowds who fill the coffers of the treasury. Since football helps support other sports, the school cannot donate to charitable organizations. St. Joseph's High School, undoubtedly, needs its share of the Thanksgiving game receipts also.

Local help by means of Mr. Young's plan is out of the question. But there are other ways. The Community Fund will soon be making its annual drive in the city, and the schools will, in all probability, contribute. Why not have a public debate? Such an affair between St. Joseph's High and Pittsfield High would interest the local citizens. We have a beautiful auditorium with a large seating capacity. The Debating Club in our school is large this term and is very enthusiastic in making a public showing. A debate between both schools would create interest in public speaking among more than two thousand students. There is always good-natured rivalry between these institutions, and both would be eager to help a worthy cause.

Some authority should take the initiative in making arrangements for a public debate, the proceeds to be presented to some charitable cause. Once a challenge is made and accepted and tickets are ready for sale, everyone would cooperate to make the occasion a success.

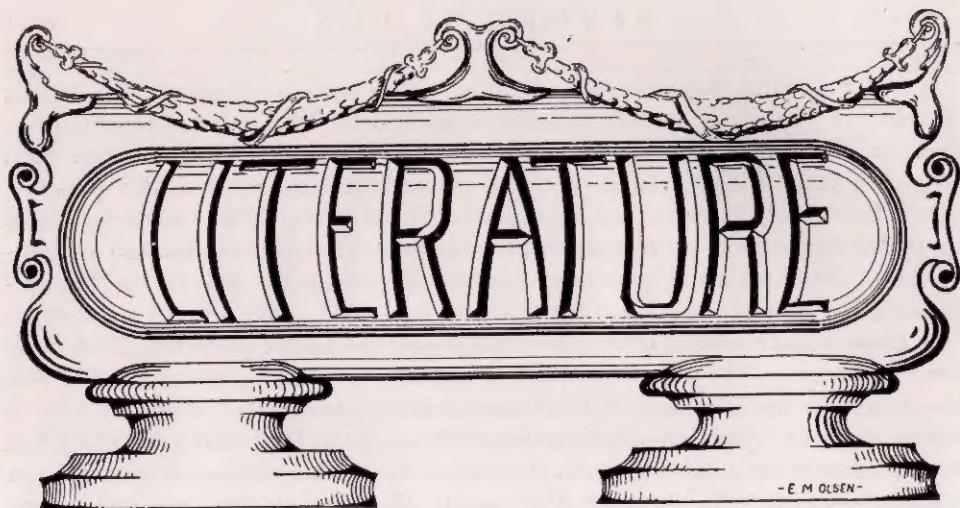
E. J. M.

Winter's Coming

King Winter is a-coming
Soon he will be here,
And he will bring us Christmas,
The time of glad good cheer.

The North Wind rattles the window-panes;
I think he seems to know
That some cold morning near at hand,
We'll wake to find the snow.

S. Stolberg '34



The Carved Door

IT was while travelling through southern France, near the rugged Apennines many, many years ago, that I experienced this singular and memorable adventure. Though my hair has turned to white and my hand has been less steady of late, each detail of the happenings of that lazy afternoon in late summer is sharply etched in my memory, as though it were but yesterday: the calm stillness of the atmosphere; the summer air, fairly dripping with the heavy perfumes of the beautiful, strange flowers all so prevalent there; the quaint, colorful, picturesque costumes of the friendly people, who were half French, half Spanish; the dreamy, ancient, little, rustic churches overgrown with moss and vines that clambered over the stained glass windows as if to guard an old, precious secret—it all comes back to me with remarkable clearness even though it was many years ago. It is curious how the mind is impressed with minute, unimportant details concerning a memorable event, whereas these details would under other circumstances be forgotten immediately or else never noticed. For example, I remember with a distinctness that astounds me, that I had become rather weary of the monotony of the complete solitude and rest that the little village afforded, and that I had so welcomed a few weeks before. I had wandered out to the fields and listened awhile to the lullaby of the lazy, droning bees, dreaming and philosophizing meanwhile. Growing tired of such solitude and, I confess, having a sort of fear of being alone with my thoughts, I had collected the necessary energy to raise myself from the soft verdure that was my couch, and had gone in quest of company. Surely, in the village center there would be a crowd of rosy-cheeked peasant boys and girls in the picturesque dress that I still stared at in wonder. However, the village was practically deserted, save for the proverbial white-haired men, the mothers, and little babes; for I had forgotten, it was market day, and everyone must work there in that mountain country. So I again began my aimless wandering.

I remember stopping at an old, moss-covered fountain and throwing a pebble into its pure, refreshing, never-resting water. The bubbling of its sparkling, effervescent waters was a lullaby that sang me into resistless lethargy. After

a few moments, however, I threw off that strange apathy that is so infectious in the late summer when all Nature conspires to make one sleep and dream. Then I continued my aimless walk.

But I am wandering.

After a few minutes more of walking—minutes that seem like endless hours at a time when all time stops—I found myself before one of those identical little rustic churches that I have previously mentioned. At least, so it seemed at a first glance. It was the usual type seen around there, built of ancient wood with the arched windows of beautiful stained glass in fantastic patterns. The arched doorway with the quaint wrought hinges, and the crude wooden belfry with the old, rusty church bell were both evidence that I was gazing at one of the several such places of worship that I had seen during my stay there. However, as I approached, I gained the impression that this Druid temple was deserted. Conviction came soon after. One of the delicately fashioned hinges on the door was broken, lending a rather droll, lopsided appearance to the church, although as the door still remained upright, its oddness was at first imperceptible. The moss and wild vines were clambering over the ancient little edifice with more than usual abundance, like wild parasites that little by little bear down their victim to the ground. And besides, if this church were not deserted, how came it here in this sylvan world, half buried in grass and vines, and with only the birds and bees and flowers for a congregation?

Yes, truly, I concluded, as I walked around the building, examining it with the unaccountable awe with which those little churches inspire me to this day, truly this was a temple reminiscent of other, older times. As I walked around it and gazed with interest, I noticed further proof of my former conclusion—that I was looking at a place deserted long ago; for one of the precious stained window panes was broken, and peering through the resulting hole on tiptoe, I received the vague impression of mouldy, wormeaten pews and a twilight atmosphere caused by the dust of many years.

As I returned to the front of that curious building, I remember experiencing a strange urge amounting to a great desire to force my way in through that old arched doorway and penetrate the alluring, secretive inside of the church. The listlessness that had formerly taken possession of me was now completely gone. I was aware of a curious feeling of adventure and alertness that I would have thought preposterous five minutes before. The little church fascinated me with its air of ancient, alluring mystery, and its whole framework seemed to draw me on inevitably as if it were saying coaxingly, "Come and find my secret. Inside these walls there is romance and adventure. Come." It was inexplicable—this strange feeling of mine. I approached and laid my hand on the old, half-broken door.

It yielded to my grasp easily and silently and I found myself in the dim, dusty twilight interior that I had glimpsed through the broken window. So radical was the change from bright, golden sunshine to dim dusk, from living color to drab nothingness, that for a moment my stunned senses could perceive nothing. Growing more and more used to the grayness however, my eager eyes were soon able to distinguish the contents of the place from the whole great mass of dust.

Then I again opened the door, that I had so foolishly closed in my excitement,

letting in a long, broad ray of golden August sunlight. With this for my lantern, I explored my surroundings. I use the word "explore" in gentle mockery, for the little ancient church contained no more than twenty rows of decayed pews that, proud though they might have been in former years to seat colorful, important personages, were now humbled and content to accommodate the lowly worms and dust. My mood passed from excitement to absorbing interest as I wandered between the aisles, and finally paused before the dilapidated pulpit. That pulpit! How many preachers that were dead, Heaven knows how many years, had spoken from that same wooden block—had turned pages that were now crumbled to nothing, on the same surface that was now submerged in an inch of dust—had stood behind on that very block of wood.

I peered behind the altar, and there my gaze stopped abruptly. I found myself looking at a small but beautifully and delicately carved door. It was situated directly behind the wide pulpit in such a way that I had not been aware of it when I had stood before the altar. It was a low door, about five feet high, arched like the entrance door of the church itself, and covered with quaint carvings. I knelt breathlessly to be the better able to observe the remarkable workmanship of its decorations. I was amazed at the skill of the workmen—warriors at battle, words that were meaningless, curious symbols that meant nothing to me, all sculptored in a way that commanded my admiration though I did not understand them. I ran my fingers lightly over the many old figures, leaving a trail through the gray dust and suddenly I was again overpowered with the wish for adventure. I decided to find out what that quaint, carved door held for me. This time I did not hesitate. I laid my hand on the rusty iron latch. At that moment I heard a dull thud. The door of the church had closed. I was again in comparative darkness. However, I paid no attention. I pulled on the latch of the low carved door. Unlike the easily manipulated entrance door, this little door was stubborn, and it was only after I had given it an exceedingly hard pull that my efforts were rewarded and I stood master.

As it opened, I observed that it led straight down into the ground. Evidently at the bottom there was a subterranean room, for I glimpsed by a steady light that was apparently sunlight, certain rude articles of furniture. I descended the ladder stairs. If it had not been for the complications caused by the rotten condition of the frail staircase, I would have hastened, such was my excitement. As I look back now, safe in the dependable comfort of an easy chair, I shudder to think of that creaky, old ladder and wonder how I possibly got home without breaking my neck. As it was, I recklessly descended the dozen or so steps, and found myself, as I had expected, in an underground room.

It was a small room, lighted dimly by the dust, tainted sunlight that streamed in through a very small iron-grated window. It is curious that I had not noticed this window as I was walking around the outside of the building before venturing in. I, who prided myself on being so observant! To be sure, however, the little opening was half covered with weeds, thus rendering the room still dimmer than it might otherwise have been. In this tiny room there was an old, broken antique chair covered with cobwebs; a rickety, ancient table, piled high with mysterious-looking objects, all of which were discreetly hidden from prying eyes by a thick layer of seemingly impenetrable dust; and a pile of broken boxes and barrels. Evidently the only means of exit was the ladder by which I had entered.

However, I gave only a fleeting glance around me, for the object of my unquenchable curiosity since I had entered was that littered old table. I now went over to it, and with irreverent hands began to examine its contents. Old boxes, filled with records of ancient marriages—certificates of births that had long since been obituaries—mostly illegible and all crumbled with age, fell victims to my inquisitive fingers. Old documents stamped with dates that surprised me with their antiquity, came before my fascinated gaze.

By this time I had penetrated the litter of objects almost to the table top, and now I came to a rather large iron box. What was this new revelation to be? I knocked off the rusty lock easily, with a piece of wood and lifted the lid.

I stepped back in amazement and caught my breath in wonder, for before me lay, not the records of long-forgotten, obscure happenings of dead people, but a chest full of treasure! Verily, it was like a page out of Captain Kidd—a mass of glowing color, mixed with dark, worn coins in abundance and bright, mellow gold. On the top lay a roll of parchment, a deed. I picked it up. And at that moment, to top the whole, unbelievable, crazy drama, I heard footsteps in the church above.

My imagination surely! But they continued until they were nearly to the carved door of my hide-out. No time for thought, and so without thinking, merely on instinct, I lifted the chest and clasping it in my arms, I crouched down among the boxes and barrels. With my heart beating frantically, I watched the carved door slowly open, and down the rickety ladder came the figure of a man.

I can say nothing of this man now except that he was of medium size, was dressed in the usual peasant costume of the times, and wore a short beard. Immediately the man went to the table that I had left, and uttering an astonished oath, stepped back. At that moment there were more footsteps overhead, again the carved door opened and another man came into the picture. This one was massive and powerful, with strong, broad shoulders and large muscles. The two men faced each other,—fear, surprise, and hate in the face of the first; only hate and evil intent in the face of the other.

"Oh, at last! So it is here that you have hidden the stolen riches of my family." The large one spoke these words in the colloquial French that I had learned.

"They are not yours," the other replied sullenly. "It is you who are a descendant of a thief. Your—".

He was stopped suddenly by a movement of his opponent. Now that opponent spoke and the very air reflected the hate and evil in his voice.

"Your family and mine have been enemies for many years over a wrong that has gone unavenged too long. I have hated you and yours since I was old enough to understand the meaning of hatred, and now," his tone was sinister, "I have come to right a wrong done long ago and to get the deed, and money."

With that he drew a short, gleaming shaft, and a moment after, his adversary had toppled over the ancient, time-worn table bearing it to the ground with the very weight of his body. The ruthless murderer hunted feverishly around for a while, after which he left the tainted room, miraculously omitting to search the little alcove where I was.

I remember little more of that day's happenings save that I left the chest there amid the ghosts of past days and fled from that scene of murder as if pursued by the victim himself. Until now I have never told of my experiences. All through the years I have kept close guard on the secret of the result of my craving for adventure. And yet, at times this same craving for adventure makes me long to return to that little village, to reenter that little church of secrets and once again to penetrate the dimness of the room of the carved door to see if the ghastly skeleton still keeps vigil over the chest of ill-gotten riches, or if he finally yielded it up to his adversary. And yet—this arm chair is very comfortable.

Miriam Mirmow '32

The Absent Aid

HERCULES ALLAN was worried. Of course, his right name was not Hercules, but few really knew what his parents had chosen for his name, and therefore he was known throughout Roche College and for many miles around as Hercules or Herk. He was an extremely large man, over six feet in height, with a will and mind as strong as Napoleon's. Despite his enormous size, there was nothing ungainly or awkward about him. His eyes alone depicted a born leader of men. There were few students who cared to meet these eyes when Herk was angry. Force—mental and physical—was his chief trait. There was no doubt how he acquired his nickname, possessing as he did the mighty thews and sinews of a twentieth century Hercules.

Now Herk Allan, coach of Roche College, paced up and down the training quarters of the college, his forehead wrinkled by deep lines as he fought with the problems that beset him. His boys, his football players, were evidently not doing their best. Had they lost their school spirit or just what was the matter? "Yes," he thought, "something must be done and done quickly." All the speeches and lectures at chapel had brought no result, and now he realized that he must handle the situation alone.

The two games they had lost had tarnished their prestige, and the chance that they would again win the championship seemed vague indeed. And now his honor was at stake; not that he felt discouraged, he did not know the meaning of the word, but rather at a loss. It simply meant that he would have to plan and work harder. Like Napoleon the word "can't" was not in his vocabulary. This year he had more new material to work with, but like all his teams, these new players possessed the same love for their Alma Mater, and also the same love for their little mascot, Bobby, the coach's son.

And how earnestly Bobby took this role of mascot. He was the first to put in an appearance whether it was an important game or simply practice. Even in training, Bobby thought he must be one of the boys and could be induced to go to bed early, drink his milk eagerly, eat his cereals in the morning, in fact, it might be said that he was willing to do almost anything if it would make him a better football player when he grew up. And it was Bobby who cheered the loudest, or tried to at any rate, at every game; and it was Bobby who seemed to take those two lost games most to heart.

The important game with Jailain College was only a week away. Every day now the scrub and the varsity teams went through strenuous practice. The coach seemed merciless. His rasping tongue spared none. Even Bobby tried to tell the boys something about football, as he truly was his father's son.

"There was a time," the coach flashed, "when Roche men were a pack of wolves, but you are as much like them as a flock of sheep. A football team," he went on scornfully, "why you are just a bunch of counterfeits."

"Yep, my daddy's right," piped up little Bobby. This brought a laugh from the whole team, yet Herk did not smile.

"Football practice is no joke" cried Herk. From general faults he came down to particulars as he went over each play of the day before and described their sins of omission and commission.

"Now," he concluded, "I'm giving you one more chance, one more. For the next hour you'll practice tackling, passing and interference. Then I'll line you up against the scrubs, and you are to rip, tear, and eat them up, and heaven help the man that falls down on the job."

The boys saw real practice that day, and Bobby looked cold and tired when his father finally called it quits. For Bobby could not be induced to leave the field, no matter how tired or how cold he was, until his father said "Enough".

The next day at practice an important man was missing, for Bobby had taken cold the day before and much to his disappointment, and to the boys', also, he was unable to attend. True to previous experience, the boys were not at their best, and it could be readily seen that something was the matter when Bobby was not there. The great game was only a few days off, with Bobby ill and growing worse each day. In fact, his condition was critical for he had contracted pleural pneumonia. Now, even the team must take second place in Herk's thoughts, and all his time was spent at the hospital with Bobby.

The day before the game, a meeting was called by the captain of the team, Bert Brown. As soon as the boys had settled in their places, Brown stood up.

"Well, boys, of course you all realize how sick Bobby is. Tomorrow we shall have to fight without his presence to urge us on, and also without the aid of his Dad. You know the faith those two have in us. I know we can do little to make Bobby better, but the least we can do is to win that game for them tomorrow. Are we going to win or not?" demanded their Captain.

"You bet we are" cried the team almost in unison.

"I just got word that Bobby passes the crisis tomorrow so let's bring him back with the news of our victory. Tomorrow go out in the field with your only thought of Bobby and his recovery through our victory. Let's show him and Herk what we really are made of. You'll have to depend on your own common sense, for there'll be no one there to tell you what to do or how to do it. That's all," finished Brown.

The boys walked out in small groups and their only topic of conversation was Bobby.

A large crowd had assembled on that glorious day in late October, as practically the entire student body of Roche, and spectators for miles around had come to see this last and decisive game of the season. As the squad came upon the field, they were greeted with a thundering locomotive cheer. The song leader danced in front of them as the crowd pealed forth notes of the Alma Mater song. Every player found his loyal young heart swelling with such pride as he had never experienced before. No doubt it was pride in his college, but secretly each and every one thought of Bobby.

The squad divided, the regulars lining up quickly, and the substitutes going along the upper part of the field and finally settling themselves on the long bench reserved for them. Everyone missed Bobby and his father, and each determined to put forth every effort to win for them.

At last the game was on. On the toss-up, Roche won and chose to receive the kick-off. A well aimed kick by Jailain's quarter back placed the ball on Roche's twenty-five-yard line. The first down resulted in no gain, and the second, a mere two-yard end run, little more. With eight yards to go for first down, it was with sorrow that Roche's fans saw a beautiful forward pass uncompleted. There being no alternative, Roche gave the punt-formation-signal, and sent a soaring punt to Jailain's ten-yard line, from where it was carried back ten yards, placing it on the twenty-yard marker. More successful than their opponents in their rushes, Jailain succeeded in gaining five yards on a line plunge. A left end run brought three more precious yards and it was followed by a short bullet pass, tallying the needed two yards for first down. Then came a slashing charge down the gridiron, the Jailain's team lashing the defensive Roche men ahead of them, and the ball was finally grounded just over Roche's goal line. A completed pass off center to left half back scored the point after. The score stood seven to nothing in favor of Jailain. Once more the teams lined up for position, Roche spread out in a receiving formation, while Jailain prepared to kick. Roche fumbled, but succeeded in retaining possession of the pigskin. As they started off on the offensive, the whistle brought the first quarter to a close.

In a short rest between quarters there was a hurried council of Roche men.

"Boys, we cannot win unless we buck up. Just imagine you see Bobby on the bench shouting, jumping up and down, and cheering for us instead of fighting his own game of life in the hospital. Get a move on and show them some real football," fairly pleaded Bert Brown.

It looked as though Roche was in for defeat. But they were fired with a strong determination to win and win they must for Bobby's sake.

At the beginning of the second quarter, Roche started off exceedingly well. The very first play was a completed forward pass to the left end, who caught the ball and then made a beautiful run. He was finally brought down on Jailain's five-yard line. Roche decided to try some line plunges, but Jailain's team held like a stone wall, and Roche was unable to gain. It was Roche's last down and with two yards to go, the team decided to attempt another forward pass. The aerial play was to be full back to quarter back. The ball was snapped to the full back, who then threw a perfect pass toward his teammate. The ball seemed almost at his fingertips, when Jailain's half back, jumping in, caught the ball and followed the catch with a thirty-yard run before he was brought down. After trying to pierce the Roche line, the Jailain team was forced to punt. The rest of the quarter was a punting duel; and at the end of the half, Jailain was still leading by the same score of seven to nothing.

Now at the third quarter, the Jailain team kicked off. Russel, holding down the quarter back position for Roche, received the kick and ran the ball back to Jailain's twenty-yard line. The Roche team, inspired by this run, proceeded to march down the rest of the field for a touchdown. Their try for the point after touchdown failed and Jailain still led by a score of seven to six. The game continued as Roche kicked off to Jailain. The player who received the ball for

Jailain was stopped dead in his tracks. The Jailain team realizing that if their opponents could be kept away from their goal, the game would be theirs, decided to maneuver by time wasting. Each time that they received the ball they would immediately kick it out of the danger territory to the other end of the field; thus the third quarter ended with Jailain still leading seven to six.

The final period opened with the ball in Jailain's possession on Roche's thirty-yard line. The Jailain back field then found their stride and in five minutes were on Roche's four-yard stripe. With only three minutes of the game left to play, the Jailain team decided to attempt a forward pass. The quarter back heaved the ball to one of his teammates. But instead of its going to a Jailain player, it fell into the arms of Roche's right half back, who with spectacular interference, ran the length of the field for a touch down. He had just crossed the zero marker and had put the ball to the ground when the whistle blew, giving the game to Roche with a score of 12 to 7.

The students of Jailain gave the conquerors the rousing Jailain cheer, and Roche responded vigorously with Bobby's favorite yell. The fact that they had won counted only for what the news might do for Bobby. Today they had forgotten that they were but parts of one great running machine.

It was a hilarious bunch that gathered in the dressing rooms and tumbled into their clothes.

"Will Bobby be able to be told the news?" was the thought of them all.

"Of course he will" they all decided. Brown telegraphed over to the Lancaster Hospital in case they hadn't received the news over the radio.

"Gee, let's pray the little lad will pull through" one of the boys said.

"I'll bet he was thinking of us even though he was fighting a battle of his own" was the answering reply.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, things had progressed so slowly that nothing but an operation could save Bobby, and so poor little Bobby had to have what in medical terms is called an "Empyema Operation." After the operation, Mrs. Allen cautiously called the doctor to her.

"How is he, Doctor? Was the operation a success?"

"He has come through with flying colors and will grow up to be a better football player than his dad ever was," replied the doctor with a twinkle in his eye.

What comfort these words brought to both parents. When he regained consciousness the first thing that Bobby asked was, "Did we win?" And Herk proudly read this telegram to his son.

"Roche won 12 to 7. Give credit to Bobby. He was with us during play. Get better for us, Bobby."

(Signed) The Boys."

Perhaps Bobby really didn't sense the importance of the telegram as he was still under the effects of the ether; nevertheless, after a few hours, Bobby opened his eyes, and seeing his father sitting beside his bed, said, "We won, didn't we, Daddy?"

"Yes, son: we won," replied his dad.

"I knew the boys were going to win," answered the gallant, little mascot as he closed his eyes for his much needed sleep. "I guess I had better get well quickly and help to win some more games."

Phyllis Morrison '33

Justice

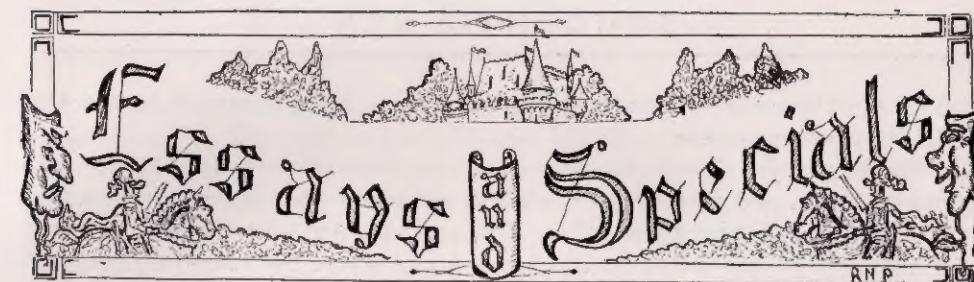
JOSEPH KIRKWOOD was heavily in debt. In fact, his financial success rested entirely in the hands of his chief creditor, Edgar Wheaton, who held mortgages, long since due, on some of Kirkwood's property; but more important than that, he had loaned him large sums of money with merely a gentleman's agreement of payment. Kirkwood was in financial difficulties and was worried as to how he was going to pay his debts to maintain his honor and credit. His only hope was to maneuver in such a manner that he might gain the friendship and sympathy of this creditor, with the hope that such relations between the two might induce the creditor to carry him over his financial crisis. To do this, Kirkwood had invited Wheaton, an ardent fisherman and true sportsman, on a hunting and fishing trip in Manitoba's wilds. Wheaton accepted the invitation and they were soon in Canada fishing the salmon streams and hunting big game in the surrounding forests.

They had been there nearly a week when Kirkwood began to brood over his debts and finally fell into a sulky, disagreeable state of mind from which he could not force himself even when he tried. He was in just such a mood one day when a return trip to camp was being made across the lake shortly before sundown. A storm was in the offing and the two campers were hurrying, wielding their paddles at either end of the canoe in silence. There stole into Kirkwood's crafty mind an extreme dislike for the other man, whose very being stood in the way of his success. As he stared at the back of the man, the enmity in him rose and his eyes began to glow with a wild hatred. The ease with which the thought of murder entered his mind shocked him, but the circumstances overcame him. What could be simpler? A single shot well placed; a minute or two to bind their heavy guns to the body to sink it; a good heave; and the debts would be no more! The idea seemed plausible. It grew until it became a reality. Kirkwood stopped his paddling and drew his revolver. He aimed with as steady a hand as he could produce, and fired. The shot was engulfed, however, by the wailing of the winds of the storm which was settling down upon the lake, and it muffled the short cry and rattle of the victim as the body slumped over one side of the prow.

The other, sneering insanely, replaced his revolver and rose in the rocking boat to finish his evil work. He took one step forward and was thrown backward into his seat by a sudden toss of the canoe. It required all the skill that he possessed to keep the canoe upright. He worked fiendishly to keep the prow into the waves, but the wind increased and the waves became still higher. The dead weight in the prow hindered him, for it put the canoe off balance. Time after time he turned it against the waves, but time and again the wind tipped the canoe crazily causing it to ship water. The cold sweat of fear stood out upon the murderer's brow as he cursed the corpse which mocked him from the bow. Such strenuous exercise trying to keep the shell afloat began to tell on his strength and as the wind increased, he became less able to hold the canoe into the waves. Finally his enfeebled efforts failed and a large wave swamped the canoe and all that was in it. Kirkwood, struggling with the fierceness of an insane person, came up once; but swimming in that maelstrom was quite impossible and he went down to appear no more.

Nature's justice having accomplished its end, the storm departed as swiftly as it had come. The setting sun reappeared, once more taking charge of the scene.

Robert Morrison '31



Food for Thought

SINCE earliest times, visions have been highly regarded as having a bearing on the future; foretelling great victories, defeats, changes, famines, invasions, marriages, deaths, and the like. This modern world however, has little respect for such things. But is there not some manner in which these visions can be enjoyed in the hustle and bustle of the twentieth century? Of course!

There are followers of many branches of sport, but we challenge you to name a single sportsman who compares with a true disciple of the "Closed Eye" or the "Snoring Nose." We form a select band of hardy adventurers.

Book worms boast that they can journey to the four corners of the earth; enjoy the coolness of the frigid regions in mid-summer; be transferred to the midst of the African jungle in January; or enjoy the adventures of the early inhabitants of this planet. But a really first class dreamer can do more than this. He can be chased by a spotlessly white polar bear across the blazing sands of the Sahara, while he wears the uniform of a Roman gladiator and rides astride a small size velocipede.

We come home from a drowsy day at school, our frail young body tired and dejected. You see, we missed our nap during the sixth period. We spend all afternoon and evening at the lake, alternating between swimming, and lounging on the beach, mostly lounging. The warm sand feels soothing to our careworn frame. After this, we are driven home by our closest friend.

Arriving home intact, we listen to the Lucky Strike dance orchestra, imagining all the while that we are floating around the room with the "one and only." The music becomes monotonous; so, having nothing else to do, we withdraw our text books from under the armchair or divan. We proceed to study for exactly eight minutes and thirty-six and one-half seconds before we realize that it is Friday evening. We have almost done our homework on time instead of allowing it to go until Monday morning.

This is the night for adventures in the vast, unknown universe called "The Great Beyond." Contrary to the teachings of dietitians we carefully select four bananas from their fellows. Bananas with green ends should be chosen as they greatly improve the night's adventure. Then we cut a generous portion of mince pie from the plate, this ingredient having the power to inject strange animals, to bring up unexpected situations and to make life very interesting in general. Lastly, we draw a glass of cold milk—be sure it is milk. This adds length to the adventure. From long experience we have learned that it is very disappointing to wake up in the middle of the action when one is disguised as a twenty-four gun cruiser, driving the enemy fleet out of Cheshire Harbor. We sit down at the kitchen table as the one in the dining room lacks the correct atmosphere,

and devour these tender morsels with gusto—gusto being necessary in order to make the action complete.

We then retire. The best visions usually come about two-fifteen A. M. The mince pie is the real driving force, while the bananas have a great tendency to involve one in wars and prizefights. The bananas form a hard lump inside the victim. In a dream, this lump becomes the spot where the sixty-two-inch shell tore through, or exactly where Carnera administered the "haymaker."

Olives may easily be substituted for bananas. In that case, one is almost sure to hunt green monkeys in the wilds of Spain. This is simply the effect of one small Spanish olive on the human system.

Sardines and straight pretzels are favored ammunition. They give us the pleasure of being adrift on mid-ocean, perched on top of a raft made of railroad ties, while sharks playfully bite up through the flooring.

We abhor those tender souls who turn off the radio and then creep noiselessly to bed. We leave the radio on, as it is somewhat unique and appropriate, while one is having visions of being collared by a swarthy cannibal, to hear the strains of "And Now You're in My Arms."

Absurd? Yes, every bit of it. Impossible? No. For many months we have had the yearning to "let the public in on" this little pastime. The time seems ripe, if not fitting. Being of a really tender and sensitive disposition, I sincerely hope that I have neither bored nor repulsed any of my gentle readers.

Harry Tooley '32

How To Translate Latin (Apologies to the Latin Department)

LATIN assignments are so much a part of everyday school life that little attention is paid to the way in which a translation should be done. Worthy instructors teach you carefully, but in spite of this, you find that you drift from the path which they have laid out for you and that your own personal methods of translating do not always bring the best of results. It is quite evident that a true martyr to the great cause must step forth with a system to revolutionize the study of Latin. After being drilled in the proper channels of study for nearly six years, I feel quite competent to present a five-day plan that will take you from the depths of your Latin difficulties and set you on top of the spire of success.

First of all, the atmosphere in which the translation is done must be considered. Radios, squabbling brothers and sisters, and neighborhood gossip have an extremely bad influence when present. No clocks are allowed, both because the constant ticking is bad for your constitution already on the verge of collapse from such long hours of grinding, suffering, and perspiring in class, and because time is no factor in the preparation of a Latin lesson. Spend all the time necessary to complete the assignment whether it be one or five hours; burn midnight oil if necessary, for always remember that Latin is the foundation of all higher forms of culture; in short, it is the essence of life and you must place it first and supreme in your pursuit of knowledge. Any hard-bottomed, armless, straight-backed chair is permissible and also helpful, for the thoughts of hours of intensive sitting on bare wood will produce miraculously speedy translations.

Now to the actual lesson; lay open all of your text books,—four or five will suffice,—on the table and be sure that you have the correct assignment, for it is very embarrassing and difficult in the next day's class to explain that you did the wrong lesson. Read the first sentence through in Latin trying to get the drift of it. If no results are obtained, do not despair, for remember that greater men than you have fallen down on just such sentences. Always read your notes; since you have four or five texts you stand a fair chance of finding the literal translations given. Hardly any two publishers have the same words annotated; they do, however, agree that nearly all the words are difficult enough to be explained by notes but they all love to be original and note words that no other authority has interpreted before. If a word is not found in any of the notes, use one of the vocabularies before you. Note two or three meanings and the declension or conjugation, as the case may be, for this is of vital importance. Memorize the word and its meanings so that you may add it to your should-be-ever-increasing vocabulary to aid you in your sight translation work. Follow this procedure faithfully, translating thoughts and clauses rather than single words. When the assignment is completed and you are just about at your wits end, gather what reserve you have and go over the work one or two times to clinch it. Then trust to your guardian angel and the compassion of your teacher.

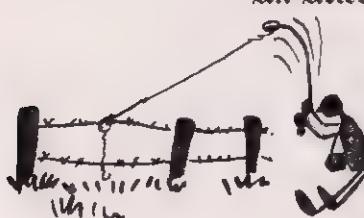
This is a sure-fire method of preparation, and is highly praised by many of the outstanding personages teaching the subject today. However, it is very much easier to let your big brother translate it for you.

Robert Morrison '31

Fallen Leaves

Unnoticed, dry and brown they lie,
To show another autumn's gone;
And busy people hurrying by,
Scuff in them as they pass along.
Once their hues of red and gold,
Would hold enthralled the passersby,
But now they're withered, dull, and old,
Their beauty goes and Autumn dies.

Doris Young '34



An Afternoon On a Trout Stream

IT was a bright, warm day, typical of late June. The city streets fairly danced with the heat, and people sat on their porches sipping cold drinks and waving huge fans. I had left the city and its trials far behind, however, and was preparing to find amusement and shelter from the heat on my favorite trout brook. This brook is a small one which descends in chattering, murmuring leaps, glides, and bounds, from the top of a thickly wooded mountain to the meadows and farm-lands far below. The brook, and the deep shade of the towering pines created a dank, moist, and refreshing coolness, which put me in perfect harmony with the season as I started upstream. True it is that a few mosquitoes and black flies sounded the dinner gong when they spied me, but what are a couple of mosquitoes and a fly or two to the fellow whose only worry consists in not knowing whether or not his trout lure will act properly in the next ripple?

My progress up-stream was slow and uneventful except for two overhead, hook-in-the-tree-top strikes and an exasperating, fight-to-the-finish battle with an aged, but sturdy barbed-wire fence. The little stream wound tirelessly upward, with a new view around every gentle curve or hump of moss-covered rocks. First, there would be a dainty, little fall, spilling into a shallow pool; then, a series of rapids; and next, an opening in the dark, green canopy of the pines, through which one could see the clear, turquoise blue of the cloudless sky, with a small, gray speck of a hawk wheeling and soaring majestically with perfect ease and seemingly effortless motion. My attention was so attracted and held by these beauties and wonders of Nature that the lightness of my creel did not bother me for some time. Finally, after making an exceptionally good cast into a deep, promising ripple, and receiving no corresponding tug, I reflected that not yet had I felt even a mild pull on the line, which an optimistic angler might have called a bite. This fact bothered me but little, however, for I was saving my best lures for the big, speckled prizes, which were, I hoped, eagerly and hungrily awaiting my arrival at the only pool on the entire brook which could be called large.

After fishing over quite a stretch of water, I arrived at my desired goal, the miniature pond. I have seen this pool time and time again, yet upon every occasion that I come upon it out of the deep, shadowy forest, my pulses quicken and my hands are unsteady as I make ready to flash an imitation fly across its sun-speckled surface. On the up-stream side, a broad, silver band of water speeds down a natural, perfectly-formed, rocky chute at least twelve feet high, and plunges with a roar into the clear, purling waters of the pool. The force of this

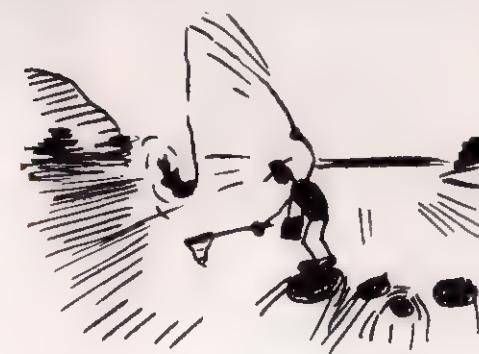


action, continually wearing away at the bottom, has deepened the depression until the pool now holds sufficient water to submerge completely a six-foot man. On this particular day the depths of the pool were dark, but there were bright sun flecks dancing across the surface. When I had finally tired of admiring the light and color effects thus produced, I roused myself and tossed a fly out onto

the surface of the water. No result! Again and again I tried with different types of lures, and still there was no action. Eventually, in disgust, I tried a worm. No sooner had the worm hit the water than there was a flash of silver, a hard yank on the line, and I had hooked the grandfather of all grandfather trout! The erstwhile rather quiet pool was transformed into a boiling, seething mass of liquid, but not for long. After one beautiful,

marvelous leap, the trout darted under a jagged rock, cutting the line, and leaving me gazing breathlessly into the mysterious depths of his beloved pool.

William McKegg '32

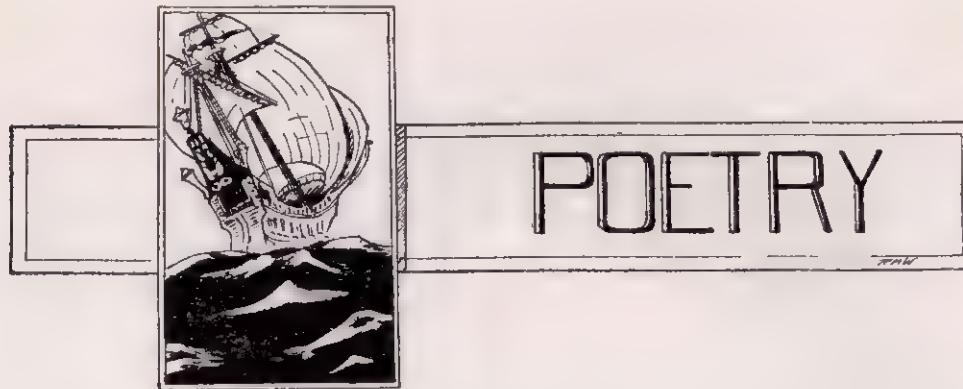


Life

Some come to laugh, to dance, to sing,
No thought of days so foolish spent,
Only to bide with merriment,
To live, to smile, to have their fling.

Some come to strive, to work, to scheme,
To search for bliss in life's short stay,
To Fate, alas, a debt they pay
Of finding hope an idle dream.

M. McLaughlin '32



Grazing at Dusk

The leathery sound of well-worn saddle under me;
The feel and sway of the vibrant, living form
Of Doll, the rust-black mare, as she stamps, and stretches
Forward on slim, trim legs, to search a golden-lighted clump
Of grass, now tarnished, since the sun
Has set upon it; the green-black shadows, growing dark
And darker, on the side hill slope above me;
The contrast of the silver strip of sky
Upon the dark hill's silhouetted rim; the clear cut
Giant pine, alone upon the hill's crest,
With ragged edges making outlines sharp
And definite, yet delicate, like a two-toned
Cameo, the work of some Great Master.
The penetrating coldness of a wind
That comes quietly, and without a sense of
Motion, and that seems to linger, more like
Some belated summer breeze, that has delayed
Too long upon its journey southward, and
Has become sharp and cold;—all this I feel
And see, and hear, as the black horse feeds—All this
And more, for there is a depth to beauty such as this:
The beauty seen and felt and heard
By eye and ear and soul,—a depth of beauty
Such as only he can know
Who holds communion with the out of doors.

Goodell (P. G.)

The Mission

Vine-mantled towers rise—
Stark-clear, against a twilight sky,
Black, jutting peaks of crumbling stone
Where once had gleamed soft-blended lights.

Where once had come, dark clad and still,
The hooded monk and sweet-faced nun;
The vespers, on the mild, clear air,
Came softly o'er a shadowed field.

The mission bells, long silent, lie
Beneath the crumbling, moldy earth.
But often in the twilight hour—
An echo, time defying, clear—
Peals forth unto the darkening world,—
And, wavering there, brings peace to them
Who lie among the cloistered haunts,
Within the ancient Mission walls.

E. Nicholson

Dandelion

Long, long ago an earthquake shook the sun,
And down its sunbeams tumbled, one by one.
Innumerable, they came, a golden shower,
And as each touched this earth, a tiny flower
Sprang up, and ever after, from that time,
All men have called this blossom "dandelion."

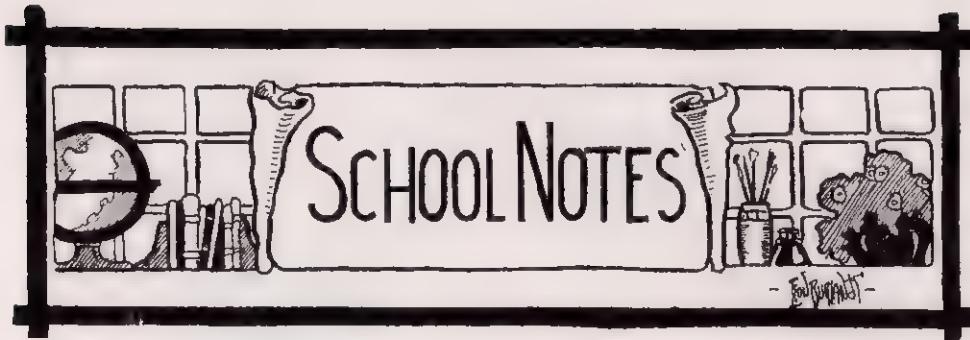
Isabella Lehmann '34

Evening

Sunbeams fading,
Night evading,
Even tide draws nigh!
Moonbeams descending,
Radiance lending
To the sky!

Shadows creeping,
Babies sleeping,
Dream time has come!
Skies grow dimmer,
Stars glimmer,
Day is done!

Priscilla Eaton Wood



Who's Who Among The New Faculty

The opening of school this term found many new instructors on the faculty.

In the English department, there are three new teachers: Mr. Martin L. Huban, Mr. Edward J. McKenna, and Mr. Francis E. Sheridan. Mr. Huban, a graduate of Holy Cross College in the class of 1921, has been in the school department for nine years. He was a teacher at Mercer Junior High School from 1922 until 1925 when he was transferred to Pittsfield High School. After six months in the old building, he was made head of Russell Grammar School. Mr. Huban was also assistant to the superintendent of schools before joining the faculty this term. Mr. McKenna, who taught at Plunkett Junior High School last year, is a graduate of Holy Cross College in the class of 1929. Mr. Sheridan graduated from Holy Cross in 1928. He taught previously at Pontoosuc Junior High School.

Mr. John Joyce and Mr. John Leahy are in the science department. Mr. Joyce is an alumnus of Georgetown University. Following his graduation in 1925, he became an instructor at Dawes Junior High School and then returned to college for graduate work. He taught in Tucker Junior High School one year before coming to P. H. S. Mr. John Leahy, a graduate of Providence College in 1926, taught in a Catskill, N. Y. prep school for one year, at the Plunkett Junior High for one term, and at schools in Simsbury, Conn. for three and one-half years. He was football coach at the prep school and assists Coach Stewart, at present, with the team.

Miss Florence Riley was graduated in 1928 from Framingham Normal School. She has been teaching in the local junior high schools for three years. Miss Riley is instructor in clothing, textiles, and costume-designing in the Household Arts Department.

Mr. Robert Kriger and Miss Ina Newton are in the Commercial Department. Mr. Kriger, who teaches bookkeeping, taught in several commercial schools in New York City. He is an experienced accountant and auditor. Miss Newton was an instructor in Concord, New Hampshire, for four years following her graduation from Pittsfield High and the Berkshire Business College. She was also a teacher in the latter institution.

Miss Margaret Ward, a graduate of St. Joseph's High School in Pittsfield and of the Sargent School of Physical Education at Boston University, is in the Physical Training Department. Miss Ward was Social Director of Brooklyn Hospital before joining the P. H. S. faculty.

Sydney Morey '32

Miss Parker Is Dean of Girls

For the first time in the history of Pittsfield High School, the girl students have a dean from whom they may secure advice and help. Miss Nellie Joyce Parker, a graduate of the Pittsfield schools and of Smith College, has been appointed Dean of Girls by the School Department. Miss Parker has been a teacher and advisor for many years, and therefore has had considerable experience in this type of work.

It is the aim and wish of Miss Parker to work for and with every girl in Pittsfield High School; to help every girl obtain the greatest value from her school years. The office is open at any time to anyone desiring to confer with her. She will appreciate their coming to the office for a minute's chat to get acquainted.

Beautiful Library Open To Study Pupils

Miss Carolyn Musgrove, a graduate of the Pittsfield schools and of Russell Sage College has been placed in charge of our new library. This is the first time in the history of the school that a special member of the faculty may spend her entire time in supervising the library work.

Miss Musgrove undertook studies in relation to her work at Cornell and Columbia and comes to P. H. S. well equipped for her new duties.

During the past few months she has been cataloguing the library and preparing files for reference.

The appropriation for new books was two thousand five hundred dollars. This sum was not adequate since there are still several vacant shelves, but doubtless there will be additions from time to time. Students will find in the library, books of travel, fiction, history, biography, and reference. There are many sets of encyclopedias which will be of value to those studying in the library.

Miss Musgrove will permit students to take volumes home providing that the borrowers return them within a period suggested by subject teachers. Books, of course, must be handled carefully, while anyone damaging or losing a book will be required to pay for it. Students are fined if books are kept out longer than the allotted time.

Although it was once a common thing to find forty or fifty Pittsfield High School students crowded into the reference room of the Berkshire Athenaeum, the boys and girls may now take advantage of the splendid room in their own building.

E. J. M.

Coach Stewart Forecasts Tough Schedule

Coach Charles Stewart stated that he had much confidence in his boys despite the fact that they would meet many powerful teams this season, in a pep rally, the first program assembly ever to be held in the new auditorium on Friday, October 2nd during the first period. He was pleased by the appearance of ninety-one candidates for positions on this year's squad.

Mr. John Carmody, head of the physical training department, who was coach at Pittsfield High School for eight years, urged the student body to attend the games. He told of the burdens a coach must shoulder and of the sacrifice which the citizens were making to supply the boys and girls with many facilities. In return, Mr. Carmody said, the students should show the proper school spirit and enthusiasm. The speaker expressed an admiration for the boys who were willing to endure many struggles and hard knocks on the gridiron for the school.

William Greenwood, Eugene Case, and William Rayner led cheers for ten minutes to drill the student body for the Highland game on October 3rd.

Edward Michelson, chairman of the Student's Council assembly committee, introduced the speakers. The orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Charles Smith, played before and after the assembly.

Mr. Goodwin Plans Fire Drill and Seating Arrangement in Auditorium

Mr. William D. Goodwin, assistant principal, made two ingenious plans by which the students may secure seats in the auditorium quickly, and without confusion; and could vacate the building in two minutes during a fire drill.

Since the building is shaped like the letter "E", this task was extremely difficult and Mr. Goodwin deserves special commendation for his very satisfactory systems.

Prominent Insurance Official Addresses P. H. S. Students

Fire Prevention Week was celebrated in the high school at an assembly held on October 7th. Mr. A. A. Bruce of the Travelers' Insurance Company, who had spoken in many of the local schools during the week, addressed the student body. The three principal topics which he covered in his speech were engineering, enforcement, and education, stressing the latter which he considered the most important and most vital of the three. He spoke of the numerous causes of fires and listed ways of prevention. Mr. Bruce claimed that carelessness is the largest and main cause of fires. He told the students how to introduce fire prevention in their own homes and urged them to endeavor to eliminate every possible cause for fire.

After Mr. Bruce had concluded his address, the high school moving picture apparatus was put in action for the first time. Pictures were shown by the New England Telephone Company illustrating the use of the dial telephone. The process was explained from the moment one party lifts the hook until the conversation has been ended.

The moving picture machine functioned perfectly, much to the satisfaction of faculty and students.

Margaret Griffiths '32

Mr. Strout (to college entrance aspirant): "Have you credit in Economics?"
P. G.: "No, but I have an account at England's."

* * * *

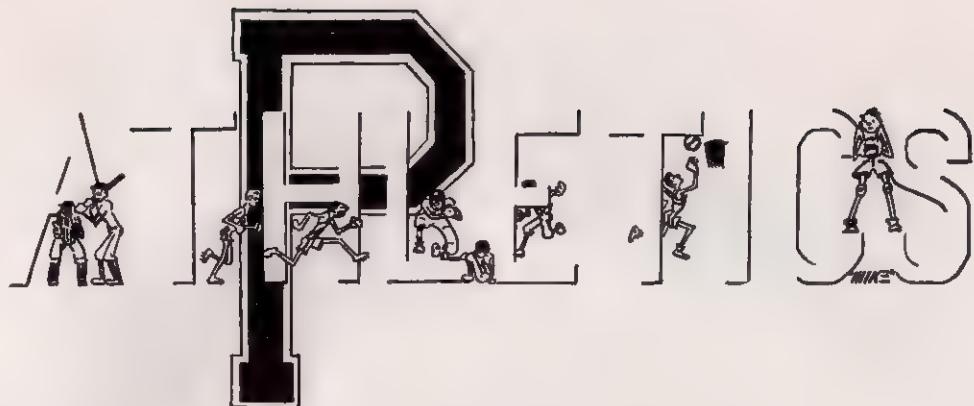
H. Bridge: "The man I marry must be a hero!"

Allen: "He will be."

* * * *

Suspicious father: "What's the idea in running up to New Haven every weekend, Isabel, I suppose you have some end in view?"

Isabel (demurely): "How clever of you to guess, dad. But he's not an end—he's a quarter back."



Football Team Is Very Strong

The football team's prospects for winning another western Massachusetts championship this fall are bright. Enthusiasm at the opening of the season was so great that ninety-one candidates appeared for tryouts. From this unusually large group, Coach Stewart retained forty who have shown considerable ability or may be good material for next year's eleven.

The line is exceedingly strong. Marchisio and Anderson are veteran ends, but they are fighting a merry battle with Engle, Hinckley, and Bansley to stay on the first team. Larsen and Martin, tackles of the 1930 outfit, are thus far regulars, while Brockway, Tristany, Gull, and Hawley will also see service this season. Bob Kuppers threatened to fill Martin's position, but his family moved to Florida recently where he is now playing. Two powerful guards, Captain Archie Allen and Bob Canfield, with Albie Dixon at center, form a trio that will firmly hold back the heaviest and most vicious center rushes. Burch, Haddad, and Jack Curtin are Coach Stewart's reserves for guard and center work. Bud Ramsey was putting up a game fight to win a line berth when a serious accident in scrimmage crippled him to such an extent that he will not be able to play this season. Since Bud is a junior, however, we shall probably see him performing in fine fashion for the 1932 combine.

Tommy Curtin's absence was expected to be noticeable in this year's backfield but Coach is developing a fine smooth-working machine instead of individual stars. The aggressive Joe Woitkoski has solved the problem of filling Curtin's quarter back position, while the diminutive Johnny Spasyk and Chet Milenski, half backs, are worrying many opposing teams. Calderilla, a full back who played with the sophomores last year, completes a good backfield quartet. Coach Stewart has Ayers, Sayles, Keller, and Gorman ever ready to relieve the regulars.

Outside of injuries, only overconfidence will prevent the P. H. S. boys from beating most of the teams on the schedule. There should, however, be little fear of this, since an experienced mentor has excellent control of the players.

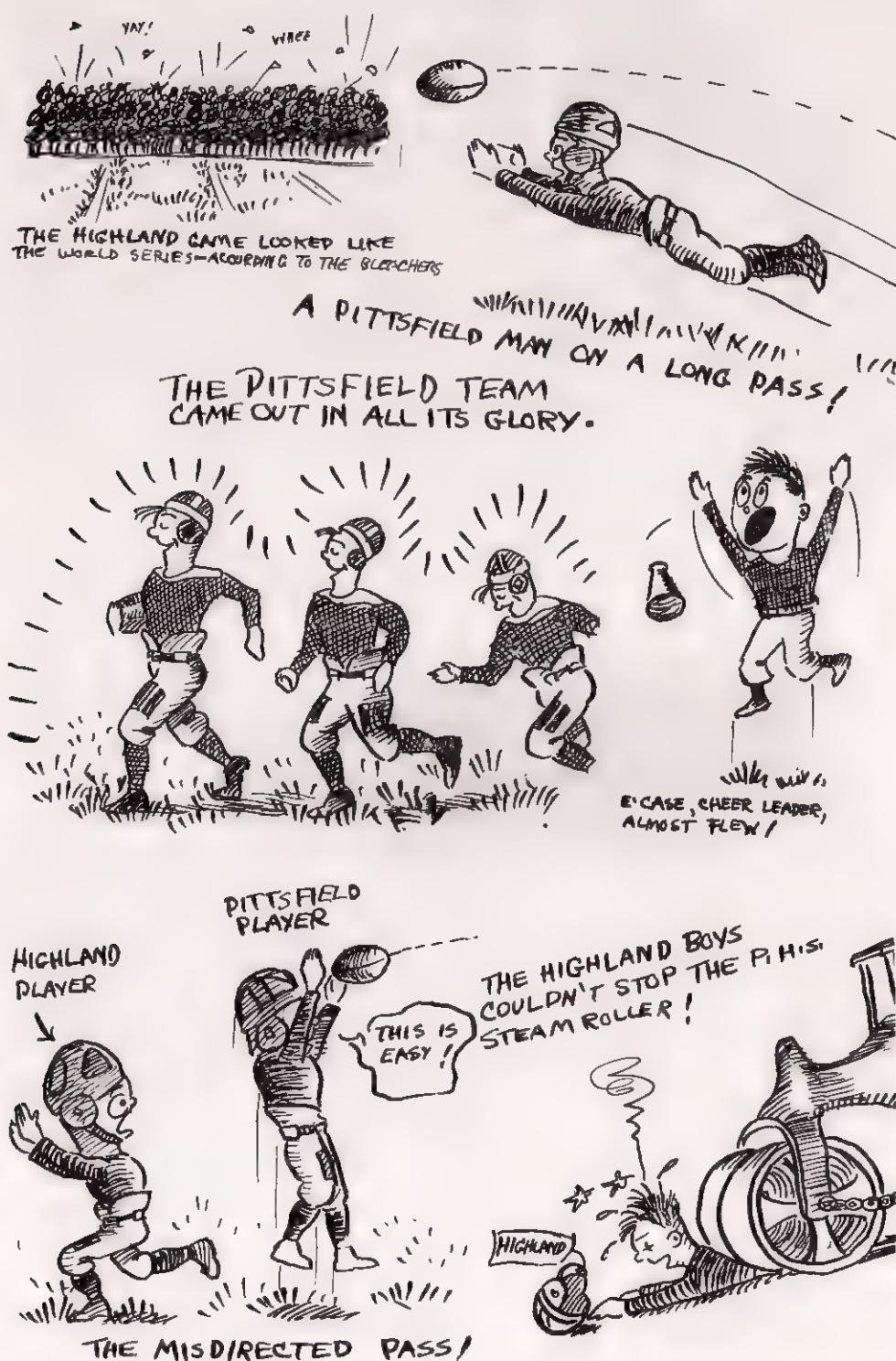
Edward Michelson

A Tribute

In the early part of 1929, Pittsfield High learned that its athletic coach, Mr. John T. Carmody, had been promoted. This meant, of course, that a new coach would have to be secured. The school's athletic hopes were rather damp-

Highlights of the Highland Game

by STOLBERG '34



STUDENT'S PEN

29

ened. Mr. Carmody had been unusually successful in producing championship teams, and it seemed highly improbable that the Athletic Council would be able to obtain another coach with the ability to duplicate his achievements. Pittsfield High, by means of hard working and excellent coaching, had won a place high in the athletic ranks of secondary schools in the country. Could we hope to hold it?

The following September, our new coach, Mr. Charles Stewart, a former Pittsfield High School student and athlete, assumed his duties.

From the first, his tireless zeal and energy were in evidence. His personality and his concern for his team endeared him at once to the school.

In the fall of 1930, Pittsfield High was selected as having the best football team in western Massachusetts, surpassing the crack teams of Tech and Cathedral High Schools in Springfield.

We are not unmindful of the high honor which Coach Stewart brought to this school, nor can we forget that he coached and trained one of the two boys selected from Massachusetts as the outstanding high school players, not in New England alone, but in the United States, our own "Tommy" Curtin.

As the football season opens, we wish Coach Stewart the best of luck and we promise him our loyal support.

William Greenwood

Pittsfield High Upsets Highland

Pittsfield High's powerful team opened the season at home by burying the Highland, N. Y. team under the score 57-0 on Saturday, October 3rd on the Common. As is apparent from the results, the New York State eleven offered little or no opposition for the Purple and White team. After the opening minutes of play, Woitkoski made the first of his five touchdowns.

The score at the end of the first quarter was 13-0, 19-0 at half-time, and 39-0 at the close of the third period. Joe Woitkoski was the star, making many long runs, kicking in fine style, and tossing several beautiful passes. In the line, the eager Dixon featured, crashing through the weak offensive of Highland often, and throwing her ball-carriers for losses. Since the game was of little benefit to the regulars, Coach Stewart sent in a large number of subs, giving thirty-five men an opportunity to show their ability.

Calderilla, a junior, worked well with his strong backfield mates, Milenski, Spasyk, and Woitkoski, who are all veterans.

The summary:

PITTSFIELD HIGH

Anderson, Goodrich, Salvaggio, Bansley, i.e.

Larsen, Lombard, Cullen, l.t.

Allen, Curtin, Burch, Haddad, l.g.

Dixon, Curtin, c.

Canfield, r.g.

Martin, Kuppers, Brockway, Tristany, Mahauski,

Gull, Hawley, r.t.

Marchisio, Engle, Hinckley, r.e.

Woitkoski, q.b.

HIGHLAND

r.e., Rooney

r.t., Bassett

r.g., Dapp

c., Glenn

l.g., Brady

l.t., Merritt

i.e., Sanlevan

q.b., Brauer

Spasyk, White, l.h.b.
Milenski, Ayers, Sayles, Gorman, r.h.b.
Calderilla, Keller, Pupo, Shaw, f.b.
Touchdowns: Woitkoski 5, Spasyk 2, Sayles, Calderilla. Points after touch-down: Milanski, Ayers, Woitkoski. Referee, Carmody. Umpire, Salo. Lines-man, Salo. Time: 8-minute quarters.

New Britain Wins in Hard-Fought Game

Pittsfield High lost a hard-fought game, 8-0, at New Britain, Conn., Saturday, October 11th.

Although man for man, Pittsfield was outweighed by almost thirty pounds, the team succeeded in giving New Britain more opposition than was predicted. Nearly everyone in the stands expected to see a fast but light team from the Berkshire Hills pushed down the field by a very heavy New Britain combine as soon as the game started. The spectators were stunned when they witnessed the reverse. For the first twenty-four minutes, Pittsfield pushed New Britain around almost at will.

Woitkoski of Pittsfield outpunted Flood of New Britain at every turn.

No matter where the New Britain backfield men attempted to run, Dixon was there ahead of them. Dixon was an outstanding defensive performer for Pitts-field. He made some wonderful tackles throughout the game. Engle and Spasyk also played very well. In fact, the whole team played with all the power and courage that it could muster.

In the second period, Flood of New Britain intercepted a long forward pass and looked as if he would score, but Engle came up fast and tackled him from behind on Pittsfield's eleven-yard line. Flood tried the center of the line, but found it well fortified by Captain Allen, Dixon, and Canfield. Zaleski attempted to crash through Allen, but he failed, as all others had before. On the next attempt, Dixon broke up a trick play for a twenty-yard loss.

In the third quarter New Britain scored a touchdown. Flood kicked the ball out of bounds on Pittsfield's four-yard line. Woitkoski was forced to hurry a punt and it went out of bounds on Pittsfield's twenty-yard line. Vetrano gained four yards on an end run. Miriliano made a first down on Pittsfield's ten-yard line. Here, Pittsfield held for two downs, but on a criss-cross, Vetrano scored.

A blocked punt which bounded over Pittsfield's goal line resulted in a safety for New Britain. Spasyk fell on the ball.

Pittsfield threatened at the close of the game when a forward pass to Engle placed the ball in mid-field. Woitkoski went around end for thirty-five yards, but the whistle halted Pittsfield's final advance.

The line-up:

NEW BRITAIN
Franks, l.e.
O'Brien, l.t.
White, Seich, l.g.
Mantner, c.
Wesowicz, r.g.
Zimatravitch, r.t.

PITTSFIELD
r.e., Marchisio, Bansley
r.t., Larsen, Brockway
r.g., Canfield
c., Dixon
l.g., Allen
l.t., Martin, Curtin

Griffin, Baylock, Linehan, r.e.
Zaleski, Vetrano, q.b.
Miriliano, l.h.b.
Wilks, Fink, r.h.b.
Flood, f.b.
Score: New Britain High, 8; Pittsfield High, 0. Touchdown, Vetrano. Safety, Spasyk. Referee, Zwick. Umpire, Mulligan. Linesman, Weir. Time: 12-minute quarters.

Pittsfield Ties Poughkeepsie in Second Home Game

Despite the fact that Johnny Spasyk, star half back, was on the sidelines with a broken collar bone, the Pittsfield High School eleven held the powerful Poughkeepsie combine to a 7-7 tie on the Common, Saturday, October 17th. Our boys outplayed the visitors in the first period, but their aerial attack failed several times because Joe Woitkoski had injured his shoulder in a line plunge. Ayers, substituting for Spasyk, directed the Purple and White offense in the sec-ond quarter, scoring a touchdown. The Empire State team held firmly on its three-yard line but our line made a fine opening for the runner. Milenski scored the extra point by rushing. A trick play was used.

In the third period, the game was played on even terms. But Poughkeepsie started a steady march down the field in the closing quarter. Twice Woitkoski had to boot the ball away from Pittsfield's three-yard line where the visitors threatened to score. Catching the second punt, Scott, diminutive quarter back, made a sensational broken field run of forty yards for a touchdown. Newkirk was shoved through center by four teammates to make the tying point.

Although the playing was clean during the closing minutes of the game, it was vicious. Dixon, Woitkoski, Scotti, and Katey had to leave the contest on account of injuries.

The referee's whistle brought forty minutes of hard fighting to a close with Pittsfield's ball on Poughkeepsie's thirty-five-yard line.

The summary:

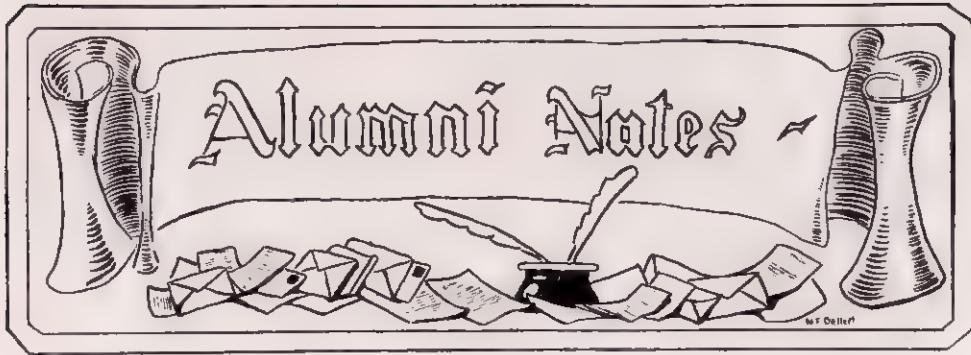
PITTSFIELD

Anderson, Engle, Salvaggio, r.e.
Larsen, Martin, r.t.
Allen, r.g.
Dixon, Curtin, c.
Canfield, l.g.
Curtin, Brockway, l.t.
Marchisio, Bansley, l.e.
Woitkoski, Keller, Gorman, q.b.
Milenski, Sayles, r.h.b.
Ayers, l.h.b.
Calderilla, f.b.

Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee, Stearns. Umpire, Salo. Head lines-man, Hollister. Touchdowns: Ayers, Scotti. Point after touchdown, Milenski (rushing), Newkirk (rushing).

POUGHKEEPSIE

l.e., Key
l.t., Pappastrat
l.g., Taylor
c., Peelor
r.g., Winn
r.t., Schnitzer
r.e., Preztak
q.b., Scotti, Newkirk
l.h.b., Arnold, Katey
r.h.b., McLaughlin
f.b., Murphy



Williams' Enrollment Includes Eight Pittsfield Boys

Eight alumni of Pittsfield High School are attending classes at Williams College in Williamstown this term. Joseph P. Hayes, '28, who is the best student orator ever graduated from Pittsfield High, is now an instructor of public speaking besides being a member of the junior class. Joseph L. Larkin, Jr., '29, and Samuel Martin '28 of the sophomore and junior classes respectively, are majoring in chemistry; Clayton W. Nesbit '29, in biology; and John W. McLaren, Jr., '28 in history. Henry Schacte and William Andrews, graduates of last February are members of the freshman class. While in high school, Schacte was president of his class and Andrews, president of the Debating as well as the Torch Hi-Y club. Both were honor students.

All eight boys are recipients of scholarships. Seven graduated with Pro-Merito awards from high school.

Ruth Yates of the June '31 class has been excused from Freshman English composition at Smith College. Miss Yates had the second highest rating in the College Board entrance examinations and her high standing brings honor to P. H. S. Other P. H. S. alumnae attending Smith are: Rita Fahey '31, Molly Harawitz '31, and Anna Huthsteiner '29.

Roger O'Gara, June '31, former sports editor of *The Student's Pen*, and James Fraser, '31 athlete, have been excused from Freshman English Composition at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Fraser is out for the football team, while O'Gara has joined the editorial staff of the *Bucknell Hop*, comic monthly magazine. While in high school Roger published *The Morning Milk* and he has continued his publication at the University. According to recent reports, his classmates enjoy his humorous daily paper as much as the Pittsfield High School students once did. He has several associates who assist him in the printing and circulation of the news sheet.

Notes of June, 1931 Graduates

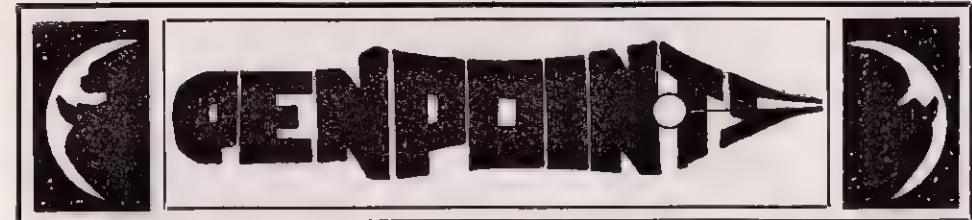
Virginia Taylor is a student at Miss Smith's kindergarten training school at Bridgeport, Conn.

Frances Creamer has enrolled at Mount Holyoke College.

Paul Lipson is a law student at Northeastern University.

Betty Swartz is attending classes at Westfield Normal School.

Marie Duflied is at Worcester Normal School.



"The hardest task a high school has," claims Mr. Lynch, "is the putting of abstract facts into concrete heads."

* * * * *
He who laughs last is usually dumb.

* * * * *
Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Yassalofeansky! Mr. Yassalofeansky!"
Mr. Yassalofeansky!"

Man in lobby: "What initial, please?"

* * * * *
Willie, aged five, had been taken to his first football game by his father. That night as he knelt at her side, his mother was horrified to hear this prayer:
"God bless papa! God bless mama!
God bless Willie! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

* * * * *
I've always been religiously inclined, mused the oyster as he slid down the minister's throat, but I never dreamed I should enter the clergy.

* * * * *
40 B. C.—Dactylic Hexameter

Cop: "Where's your license?"
Vergil: "I'm using my poet's license."

* * * * *
Baker: "I had a funny dream last night."
Brazee: "What was it?"
Baker: "I dreamed that I was eating shredded wheat and when I woke up, half the mattress was gone."

* * * * *
Taxi Driver (talking about car to himself): "What a clutch."
Voice from cab: "Mind your own business!"

* * * * *
The sophomore shuddered as he walked slowly toward the chamber. Each step was carrying him nearer his doom. His eyes almost bulged from their sockets, and his hands and knees trembled. Reluctantly and unsteadily he drew near that dreaded room. His face was pale, and it seemed as if his hair stood on end. At the entrance to the chamber of torture he paused and, with a great effort, squared his shoulders to meet his fate like a man. Within all was quiet.

Slowly he opened the door and entered. Staring at the occupant of the room, with eyes that revealed the terror that possessed him, he blurted out in a weak, trembling voice, "Mr. Carmody, I have a cold; may I drop physical training?"

Mary's Beau (waiting for her to come down stairs): "Is Mary your oldest sister?"

Little Brother: "Yep."

Mary's Beau: "And who comes after her?"

L. B.: "You and two other saps!"

* * * *

She (in bookstore): "What book did H. G. Wells write in 1924?"

Clerk: "It's 'The African Sweetheart'."

She (coldly, after a pause): "And when was 'The African' published?"

* * * *

"Vic" Defazio is "in the dough" we hear. He's been shining one shoe free in his new shoe-shining emporium. But, oh, how he charges for the other shoe!

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I think that the school should publish a newspaper.

I think that the school should continue publication of *The Student's Pen* as it is this month.

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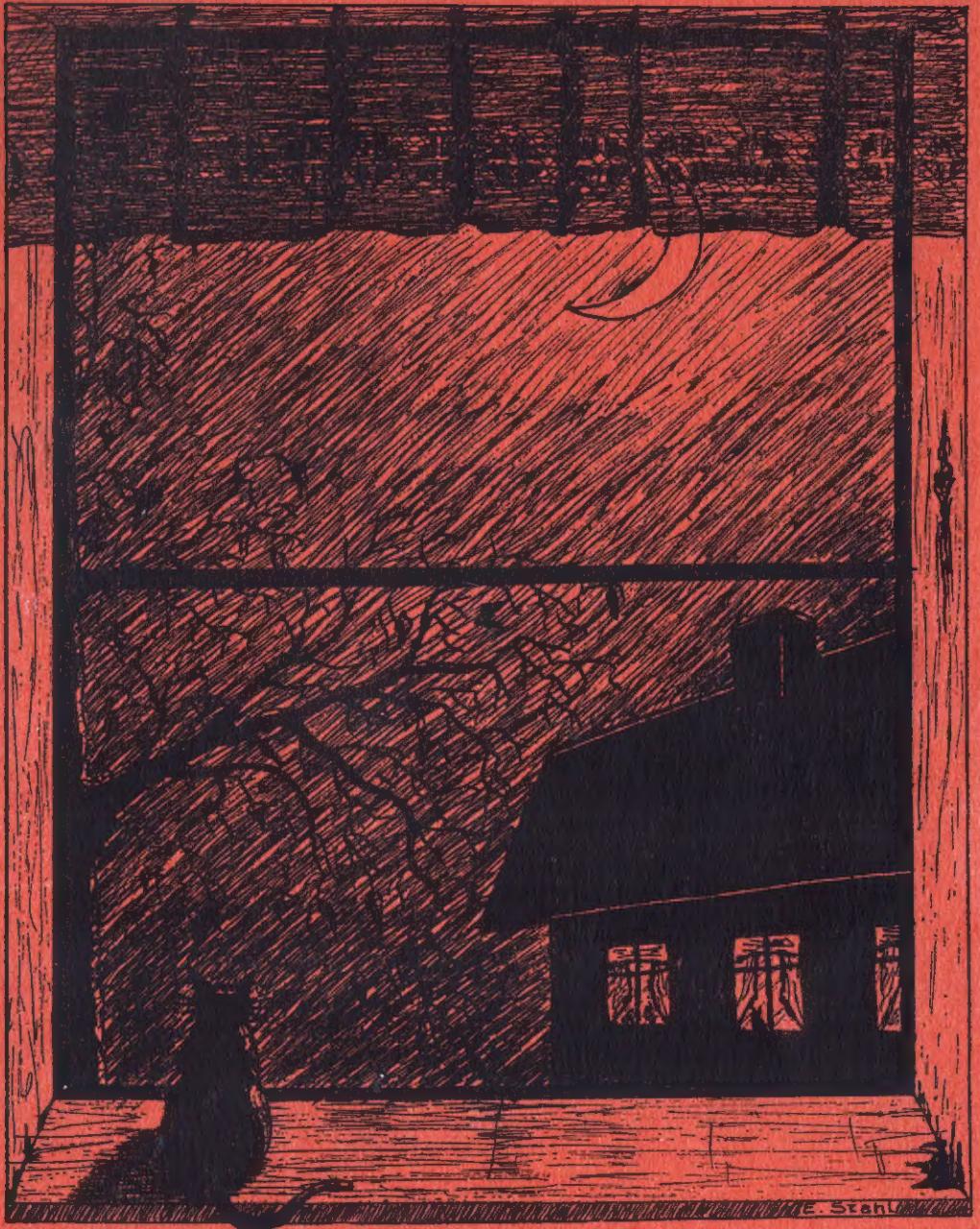
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The Student's Pen
October, 1931